

`The Sontaran Experiment' doesn't offer any obviously promising scenario ripe for getting Sarah Jane spanked, and she's wearing what has got to be one of the least helpful companion costumes ever: good at keeping out the damp, but also pretty close to armor plating when it comes to making an impact on a naughty girl's bottom. So we shall have to take a slightly different approach to this story.

We pick up the action in Part 2. Styre has captured Sarah and chained her to the rocks. His plan for her as an experimental subject is different from the males of the species he has been working on so far: they were tested physically, but Sarah will be probed emotionally, to discover how she stands up to fear...

With a piece of hypno-tech on her forehead, Sarah begins to hallucinate as the experiment begins. It starts with the snake and falling rocks we see on screen, then the animated killer mud. Things become discontinuous and dreamlike. As the mud slides up onto her legs, she realizes that her yellow oilskins have disappeared: she is sitting in the mire in the green culottes she wears underneath, dirtying her nice, new clothes. Someone will be cross with her, she thinks, woozily.

Suddenly the mud is gone and she's lying on open heathland. She notices, vaguely, that there's a breeze blowing, chilling her thighs through her pantyhose. With a start, she glances down at herself to see that her culottes have vanished along with the mud. She brings up an arm to check that her sweater is still in place, but it is missing too. And when she looks back at her legs, the pantyhose too is gone. Her brow crinkles, trying to nail another, less obvious puzzlement. Those pale blue panties are *not* the very pretty pair she put on in the TARDIS when she changed earlier! But with the white scalloped trim at the edge they are still intimate and feminine enough that nobody catching her sunbathing in the cold would ever mistake them for bikini bottoms. At least there's nobody around to see her half naked on the heath, she thinks to herself.

`This way, Doctor, I can hear her screams!' Harry's voice floats across the heath, and Sarah feels a deep blush creep over her cheeks as she realizes what must be about to happen. She tries to get up, to hide herself behind a boulder or look for her clothes, but she seems strangely rooted to the ground. She grits her teeth and closes her eyes.

Suddenly Harry's voice seems farther away, and when she looks down at herself she sees a reassuring pair of jeans snugly encasing her lower half. Gathering up all her strength, she yells, `I'm over here, Harry!' At that, the jeans whip themselves down to her knees, revealing her lacy black panties beneath. Sarah blushes again and reaches for the jeans waistband, struggling to pull them back up. The jeans resist her efforts until, with a rip, the legs detach themselves and slide smartly away as if by some kind of lateral gravity. She finds herself wearing the shortest of denim cutoff shorts, with an inch of lace visible where they don't quite cover her panties. But at least she's nearly decent for when Harry gets here, she tells herself.

At his control panel, Styre is observing the experiment, and gives a grudging hiss of admiration for Sarah's powers of resistance. Then he turns the dial up a notch...

`There you are, old girl.' Sarah sits bolt upright as Harry appears on the scene. As she does so, she catches sight of her own white knee socks. There is a slight constriction at her throat: she is wearing a necktie. A straw hatbrim shades her eyes from the sun. She raises an unwilling wrist to see the cuffs of a school blazer, then struggles to her feet, trying to keep her ultrashort pleated skirt under control as it skims the tops of her pink thighs. The Doctor strides across the grass to meet her, his black gown flapping behind him and the tassel of his mortar board whipping from side to side in the wind.

Sarah never liked wearing school uniform, always hated the admonishing teachers who would tell her what a naughty girl she had been. `We've all been terribly worried about you, Sarah, letting yourself get captured by that Sontaran,' they would say in that familiar dark brown voice. But the worst of it was what happened next, or later, when the teacher finished lecturing and proceeded to the sentence, or packed her home with a note to be signed for by her father. Sarah disliked school and uniform and rules and discipline, but one thing she hated above everything else. They could give her lines, they could put her in detention, they could even expel her from the school, but above all these was the ultimate punishment, the thing she feared most in all the world... Not this time, she thinks, surely I haven't been naughty enough this time...

`There's only one treatment for a girl like you,' says the Doctor, `and that is a good spanking.' Sarah freezes in abject terror. This is how it always happens, she tells herself as the Doctor sits on a rock and puts her across his knee. She can never run away when there's still a chance, and then she's horizontal, feet in the air with no way of escaping, with her bottom turned up beneath the Doctor's stern hand, completely in his power until he's done with her. He flips her little skirt up and she feels Harry's eyes on the seat of her pink panties. She turns her head towards him, hoping to muster some shred of defiance... and gazes straight into the large blue eyes of the Doctor. He gives her a cheery wave, the line of his grin echoing the line of his chin echoing the line of his scarf around his neck. Nonplussed, Sarah gives a little wave back... and then a thought strikes her.

If the Doctor's over there, she thinks, whose lap am I across?

She arches her spine and looks backwards, up into the face of Harry, looking severe under his mortar board as he brings down his hand hard across her panties to begin the spanking.

`NOOOOO!' she screams, and with one bound she is free, racing away across the heath, her little skirt bouncing with her as the Doctor and Harry begin a slow motion pursuit.

At his control panel, Styre turns the dial up again...

Sarah feels her school uniform almost melt away as she runs, blowing behind her in a cloud of fabric shards. Once again she's out in the open in nothing but her plain bra and striped panties, knowing what it will mean if they catch her...

Suddenly the Doctor is ahead of her. She wheels around without breaking her pace, but Harry is behind. 'There's no escape this way, old thing,' he says. Sarah decides on the lesser of two evils, steels herself, wheels again and runs full tilt at the Doctor. As she goes, the thought crosses her mind that these are not her clothes... but they do look familiar, as if she's seen them in a boutique... or in the TARDIS wardrobe.

'Got you!' says the Doctor as his hands land squarely on her plaid shoulders. Sarah feels herself lifted up bodily, the white tips of her boots dangling inches from the ground. She resigns herself to the inevitable as the Doctor turns her over his knee and folds back her blue denim minidress to expose her red panties edged with white lace. 'This is going to hurt you more than it hurts me,' he says. Sarah absently remembers her father saying something slightly different, but the spanking that follows is every bit as scorching. The Doctor's open hand slaps down across her red panties again and again, and Sarah has tired herself out with squealing and kicking by the time she's set back on her feet.

A desk with a typewriter fades into existence on the heath. Time for the intrepid girl reporter to go to work! The title of the piece is already at the top of the page: 'Everything I Know About Life I Learned Across a Time Lord's Knee'. Sarah notices the plump, soft cushion on the typing chair. Exactly what she needs right now. She approaches the desk, and the cushion disappears, leaving a hard, flat seat. Sarah rubs her sore bottom and decides she can't face it. In the corner of her eye, she sees the cushion reappear as she turns away, but it vanishes again when she turns back and takes another step towards the desk.

She furrows her brow, then winces as she feels a sudden pressure on her spanked area. She's not sitting down, and suspects she won't be for the next few days, but something is still chafing her down there. She looks down at herself and her attire sparkles back at her. The denim mini has faded away and in its place she is wearing a skintight all-in-one silvery catsuit □ and it's very tight across the seat!

'I wouldn't be seen dead in this,' she says to nobody in particular, 'it's so... next century!' With an effort of will, she insists on her own clothes, and miraculously they appear: the familiar floral dress she was wearing when she last left the twentieth century, the dress she was told had met its end in the Ark's incinerators. At the same time the raging, stinging sensation in her bottom melts into oblivion.

Styre reaches out to his controls again. His fingers hover above the dial. It has been an interesting experiment, he reflects, and the female has shown strength. But now it is time to break her. He turns the dial up another setting.

Harry is standing by the typing chair. 'The thing is, old girl,' he says, 'the Doctor and I have discussed it and it just won't do. The TARDIS instruments weren't made to be meddled with, you know.'

On the far side of the desk, the Doctor shakes his head sadly. 'We've decided that you need a spanking, Sarah,' he says. 'A really sound spanking.'

'But...' Sarah begins to protest.

Harry cuts in before she can say any more. 'And I'm going to be the one to give it to you, old thing.'

She lands hard on her stomach across Harry's knees, and the impact drives the breath out of her. 'No!' she mouths, but no sound comes out.

'And you know how it is. We'll never get the message across through all this.' He flicks at the hem of her skirt, then begins to draw it up over her thighs. Sarah struggles, but Harry has her pinned down with his left hand firmly in the small of her back. There is no escape, and once again she's going to get the ultimate punishment, the most absolute mark of disapproval... Her upturned bottom has only the thin protection of her white cotton panties. And then Harry pulls them down. The last barrier, the last reserve, the last vestige of modesty is gone. Harry raises his hand, brings it down hard on her exposed bottom, and the spanking is underway.

In real life, Harry is making his way across the scrubland when he hears muffled sounds of distress. 'Sarah!' he exclaims, and tracks the noise to its source. There she is, chained to a rock in her yellow oilskins, with Styre's mind control disc on her forehead. 'Oh, Sarah,' says Harry, not noticing that she can't see or hear him. 'We'll get rid of this devilish contraption for a start.' He reaches for the device on her face, gingerly works it free and tosses it against a rock. Then he starts work to loosen her chains. 'Soon have you properly dealt with, old thing,' he says.

Styre's screen goes blank, and he hisses with fury.

Sarah floats in restful darkness. The spanking has stopped. She doesn't know how or why, but she's just glad it's over. She shudders. It was the very worst kind of spanking, reserved for the most extreme occasions. And to get it from Harry! Not the Doctor or her father or her teacher... but *Harry*!

Sound begins to penetrate her fuddled mind. 'Soon have you properly dealt with, old thing.' She opens her eyes, and a blurred image slowly resolves into the face

of Harry, his brow hardened with anger and concern for her predicament. But Sarah doesn't quite interpret it like that. Knowing exactly how an angry Harry is going to `deal with' her, she opens her mouth and screams...